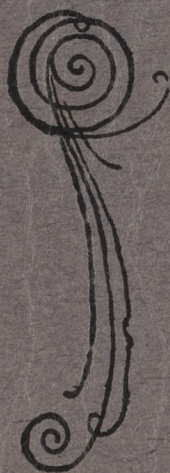


Orange

a n d

Gold



Centreville

California

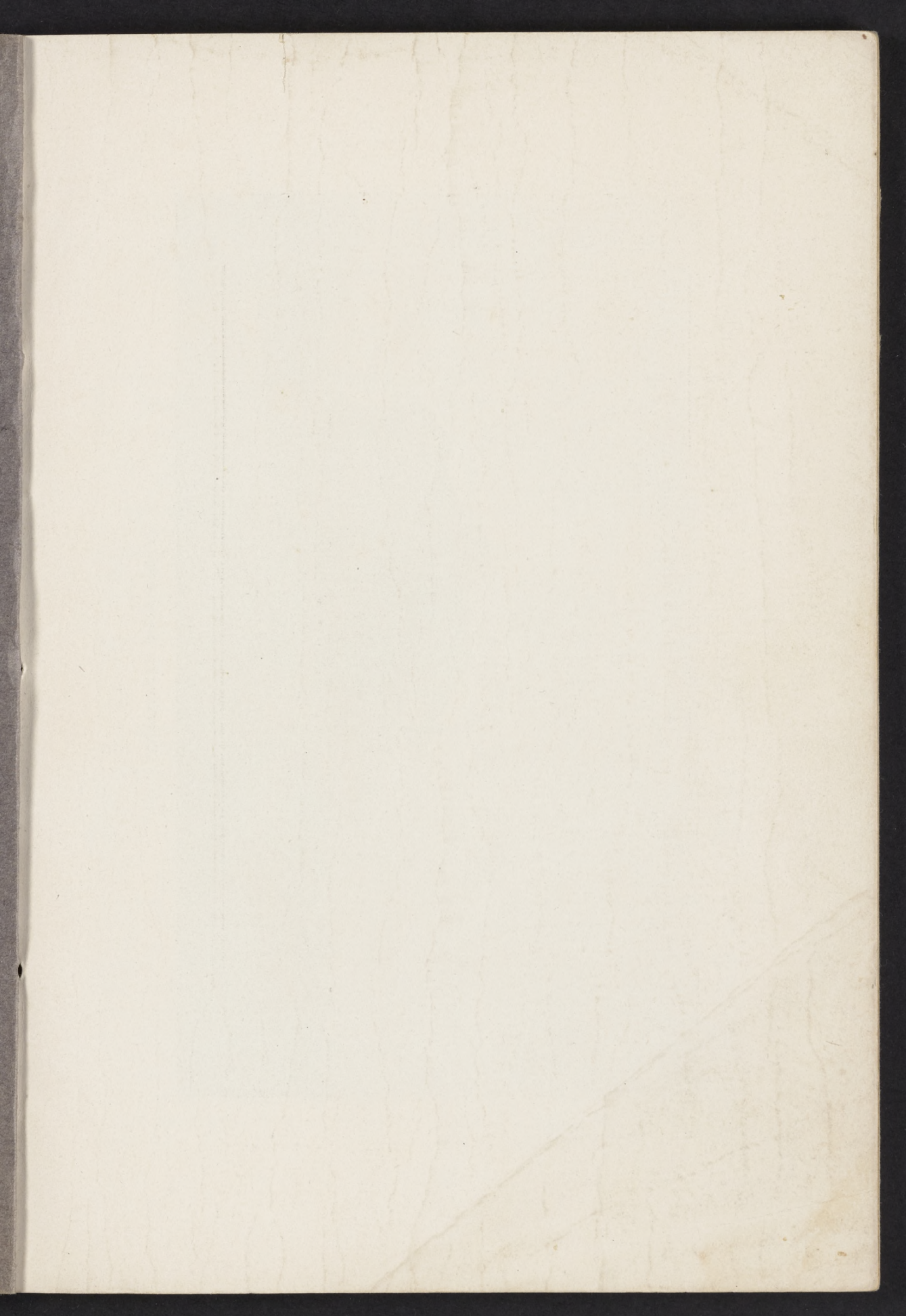
1901

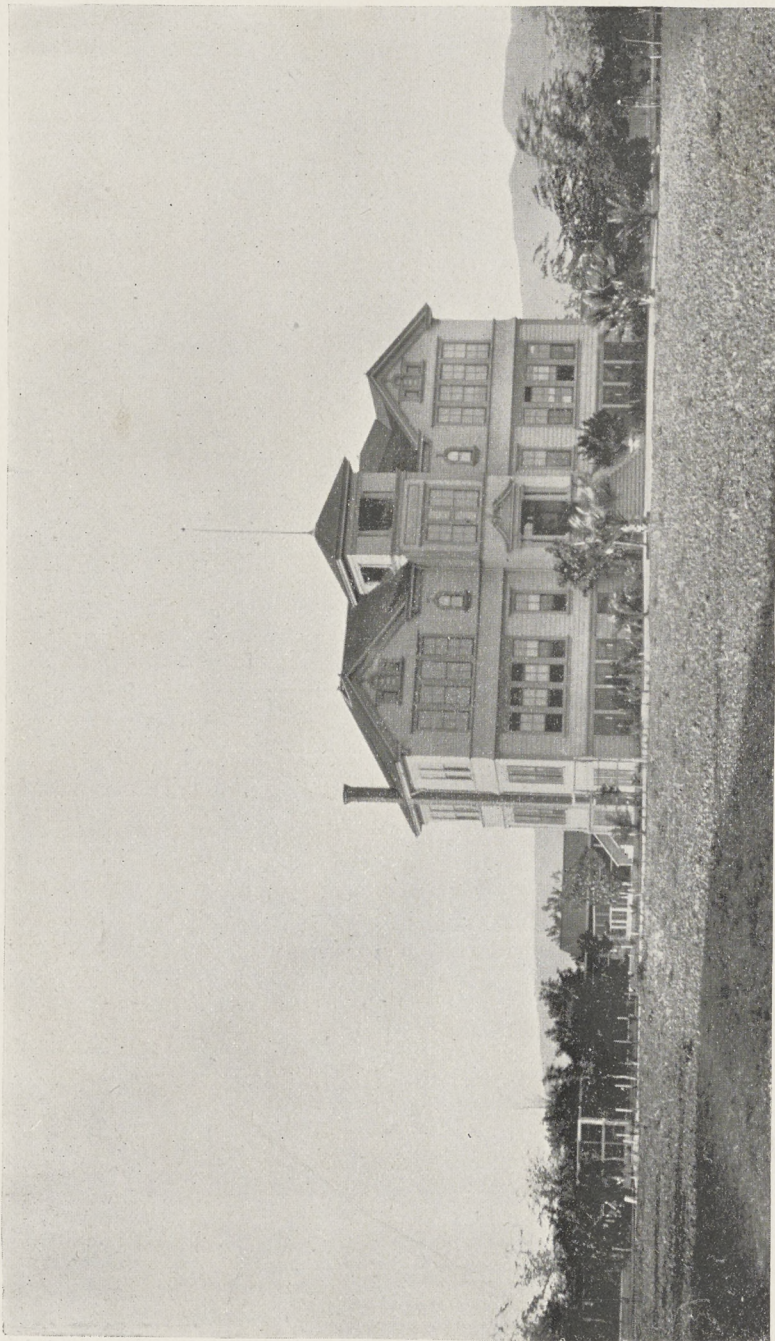


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CENTREVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

Orange and Gold

1901

The Great Princess

Read my little fable;
He that runs may read.

—Tennyson.

Once upon a time there lived in a far Western Land thirteen kings. Now four of these kings were very strong and powerful, and as their countries lay at four opposite points, they were known as the Kings of the North, the South, the East, and the West. The other nine kings were very insignificant, and have little effect on my story.

A great rivalry had grown up between these four kings, and each wanted to be considered the greatest, and there was much hard feeling among them; but it never became serious, until one day, as these four kings were riding together in the hunt, they found a tiny girl, the sweetest, dearest, little tot imaginable. She was lost in the woods, and when the kings saw her, all except the King of the West declared they would raise and cherish her carefully, for never had they seen a child to compare with this one.

The King of the West eyed her critically. "She is sweet, yes," he said doubtfully, "but I would much prefer her if she were older and larger."

Then the other kings cried loudly in chorus, "You can appreciate nothing, you hard-hearted wretch! Get away behind your mud walls."

At that the King of the West grew very huffy and went off in a black rage, declaring he would have nothing to do with the child.

But when the other kings came to decide who should have the care of her, they all disagreed. Said the King of the North:

"I will take her, for my court is the most genteel, and lies near the beautiful green hills on which she can sport. And, too, through my realms go the great roads into all parts of the world."

"You are wrong, King of the North, I will take her, for in my realms are the oldest seats of learning, and there the dear child may have a broad education."

Then said the King of the South: "No, I have the best right to her, for my realms lie almost in the center of

*NOTE.—The following extracts from local sheets may cast some light on this article:

NILES HERALD, July 18, 1891: It is reported that Alvarado has withdrawn from the petition for a High School, her reasons being that she desires a county, not a township union school.

WASHINGTON PRESS, Sept. 26, 1891: Yesterday at a stormy meeting of the representatives of the various districts, it was finally decided, by a majority of only one vote, that the township High School should be situated at Centreville.

NILES HERALD, Jan. 1901: Much indignation has been aroused among the patrons of the Alameda County Union High School, No. 2, by the desire on the part of the present pupils, backed by the alumni, to have the monogram C.H.S. for a High School pin. They make the ridiculous plea that A.C.U.H.S. No. 2 is cumbersome.

all the other kingdoms, so that it will be most convenient for you to visit her there."

And when the child heard these things she cried, for the quarrels of these kings frightened her. The three great kings tried to soothe her in their rough way, and then they grew so jealous that they fell to quarreling again, and the poor child was almost killed under their blows.

At last the King of the East desisted, for a great scheme popped into his head.

"Whoever wins her, I will send her rich presents," he said affably, and calling his followers, he rode merrily away.

Now, for a long time the King of the North and the King of the South fought for the child, using all the wiles of war. But at last the King of the South called to his side many of the other petty kings, and so the King of the North was forced to give up. And he was very sullen, but unlike the King of the West, he did not give up all interest in her for he loved her dearly.

So the King of the South raised her as a princess, and she grew up into a beautiful woman, and was the wonder and admiration of all the people in the western land.

Now, it was the custom in those old days to betroth the princesses when very young, and soon the kings thought of betrothing her, but they waited for each other to speak on the subject, so that the child grew into maidenhood and was not yet betrothed.

As a child, she had been content to be known as the foster child of the kings, but when she grew older, and

heard that all the princesses were known by their husband's name, she, too, longed to be betrothed, and said to herself: "I know what husband I would like to have. It is the son of the King of the South. I will speak of it to my foster fathers, and they will understand how necessary he is for my life and happiness."

So, in her innocent faith, she told them of her wish. But when she saw that they were displeased, in the loyalty of her heart and sorrow at pain-ing them, she cried: "Dear fathers, I shall abide by your choice, whoever you choose. But I *must* have a husband."

Then the kings met to consult over the matter, and the Western King, who in spite of himself had learned to love this fair foster child, hovered at the edge of the meeting, and longed to advise, but dared not. Almost all the petty kings said that the Princess should marry the prince of her desires. But to this the three great kings objected: the King of the North, because he himself had a son that he secretly wished the Princess to marry; the King of the South, because he dared not take so much honor to himself; the King of the East because he had plans of his own. And here he brought forward his trump-card, which he had had up his sleeve all these years.

The King had a Nephew whose father was related to all the rulers of the other kingdoms, and who bore the same name as the father of the Great Country, of which this Western Land was but a little piece, so that they were all interested in this young man. This was the candidate that the King of the East put forward, and all

the petty Kings stopped their acclamations for the Prince, and looked with favor at the Nephew. And the other two kings said nothing, for clearly this Nephew had some claims.

Now, when the Princess had heard of this candidate, she fell in a dead faint, and for an entire week her tremblings shook the whole Western Land. For she knew the Nephew only by reputation, and he was so massive, grand, and classical that she dreaded him; but she knew the Prince so well, and he was such a cozy little fellow, that her heart cried for him more than ever. But as she had promised to stand by the decision of her foster fathers, she waited patiently on their pleasure. But they could never make up their minds to draw up the contract for her betrothal with the Nephew, or any other candidate.

So the Princess waited patiently although all the roses faded from her cheeks, and sometimes a little line could be seen between her beautiful eyes, and she thought of the Prince continually.

Then one twilight evening she met him, and he whispered softly, "Come, dearest, and let us be married. The kings are all at the council discussing the candidates, and the queens are all gossiping. There is no one to prevent, and once we are married, what does it matter if they do storm?"

So he took her hand and they slipped away through the darkness, and were wedded; and it might never have been known if the old parson had been less garrulous. He told his wife, and she told Gossip, and Gossip told the queens, and the queens told the kings, as they sat in council. And they sent swift couriers and summon-

ed the pair before them. The Princess came blushing but happy. The old King of the South pulled his beard and silently rejoiced, but he stormed with the rest. How they did storm! They could not drive the two out of the land, for they knew the people could not live without the Princess, so they threatened her with all kinds of punishments. But she was not terrified, for she had her husband to lean upon. Then they threatened to annul their marriage, but she beseeched them so earnestly for mercy that they pitied her wretchedness. Not wishing, however, to show any leniency, they told her to go till they had decided what they would do.

When she and her husband had retired, the Kings of the North and the East rose against the poor King of the South, and forgetting all their dignity, clubbed and pounded him, for they declared that he had been at the bottom of this. They drove him into a corner, but the old king was still powerful and he kept them at bay. This quarrel went on for years, and so occupied were they with one another that they forgot all about the Princess, and her husband. This was what she wished, and steadily she grew stronger and more wonderful, till her fame spread beyond that Western Land.

The people still honor her memory, but of the kings little is known. Gradually they wasted away, still quarreling, till only their voices were left, and now whenever a thunderstorm is heard, they say that the Kings of the North, and the East are roaring at the King of the South.

C. M. JORDAN, '01.

The Meeting of the Wheels

The meeting of the wheels was presided over by a man's wheel—a Columbia, chainless, '98. The secretary was a spare, tall Cleveland of '99, who came from near Niles. These wheels were discussing their grievances, it seemed.

The president began by an objection, to the effect that he was averse to being treated to a hosing, whenever a certain gentleman had spashed through the mud to school, regardless of his shiny exterior.

At this a Hartford '99 rose up with fluttering skirts, and although quite out of order, she indignantly cried out, "Yes, Mr. President, I am a second victim. First I am splashed through the sloughs and slush of Centerville, and then spattered with sticky red gravel of Newark. Then, too, I am borrowed on all occasions. But I retaliate by chewing the skirts of that mistress of mine, as she is wending her way to church on the Sabbath."

Here the secretary rose to say that her chief objection was that she was so overworked,—“the rest of you wheels can go home soon after school is over, but I am forced to wait while my owner expounds Latin and Geometry at an extra session.”

The next speaker was a decrepit Stearns of '97, since extinct. He was battered and crippled; seventeen spokes gone, the chain patched up with a rusty nail, saddle askew on the seat post, pedal gone, and there was an appearance of smallpox, due to the application of a black coat of paint before the yellow had been scraped off. In a voice husky and trembling with age, he begged permission to hold the floor. He broke down, how-

ever, almost before he began. It was unanimously agreed that he had had more grievances than all the rest put together.

The next wheel to get up was a good looking Cleveland from Livermore. He remarked that his grievance was that his master enjoyed the exercise of pumping him up so, that he couldn't go home to dinner without doing it.

Two twin Clevelands '00 were next called on. They said that they hadn't a grievance in the world, except that as the mistress of one was an associate editor on the High School paper, she couldn't get out in time for her wheel to keep the other company.

A ladies' Columbia, chainless, then spoke up. She said that she had also had a twin once who had gone back on her, so she had to come to school alone.

A lanky machine, with a high seat, got up. In a clear voice it remarked that, "Sure, I wish that the shpalpeen astride av me would cut his legs off some, for I live in fear of his stretching me cranks so much that he will break off me pedals."

Here a big, elephantine machine jostled his way into the midst of the circle and growled that it was in harder straits yet. "Besides having to pack 200 pounds of beef on me, I am in constant fear of my master falling over the bars, he has to double up so much. In fact, on this account he can't even take off his hat when he passes a lady."

A high-voiced little machine spoke next. "It's just the opposite with me. My master's feet don't reach the pedals, and my seat is at its lowest point, too."

"Guess you fellows wouldn't kick about not fitting your masters if you had my luck for a while. Actually, when my owner rides me he can't see in front of him, because his knees come up and hide the road," said an Acme '98.

At this point I must have made some noise, for the wheels ceased so suddenly that you would never suspect that they had been talking. As I went upstairs again, I wondered whether I had dreamed it or not. Yet it seemed too real for a dream—but whether it was or not, I leave the reader to judge.

HELEN HALEY.

*The Song of the Artists

[With apologies to Thomas Hood.]

With arms tired out from the work,
With fingernails worn to the quick,
Our little boys sat with drawing
boards all
And sandpaper heavy and thick.
Scrub! scrub! scrub!
Where scientists love so to work;
And so with voice along with a rub,
They sang this song with a jerk.

Work! work! work!
While outside at tennis they play;
And work! work! work!
Till the sun no longer will stay;
It is oh! to have to rub
And never a moment to shirk,
In a place that surely'd discourage a
scrub,
If this is our school work!

*NOTE—Some of our boys got into the habit of decorating their drawing boards instead of their papers, and were compelled to spend their recesses for several days in the seclusion of the Physics room, using their energy rubbing off their decorations with a large piece of sandpaper.

"O, Sir, why can't we stop?
Oh, why won't you let us skip?
It is not the boards we are wearing
out,
But our own poor finger tip.
Scrub! scrub! scrub!
Where scientists love to work,
Rubbing at once with sandpaper
harsh,
Our fingers as well as our work.

"Oh! but to be once more
Out of this gloomy old room!
Out of this basement so cold,
Out from this dampness and gloom,
For only a little while
To feel those stern eyes off of us,
And rest our poor tired arms
To quit all this scraping and fuss."

Work! work! work!
Till recess is almost gone;
And work! work! work!
Till the sunlight leaves the lawn;
Top and bottom and edge,
Edge and bottom and top,
We scrub with sandpaper such a long
time,
We are nearly ready to flop.

With arms tired out from the work,
With finger nails worn to the quick,
Our little boys sat with drawing
boards all,
And sand paper heavy and thick.
Scrub! scrub! scrub!
Where scientists love so to work;
And so with a voice along with a rub,
So tired, and hungry, and longing for
grub,
They sang this song with a jerk.

STUART CHISHOLM, '02.

Mickey Donohoe, Ward Politician

In the Fourth Ward of St. Louis, Missouri, there was great agitation. It was two weeks before election, and at a conference of the ward powers in the dingy little back office of Michael Donohue, contractor, there was a dilemma. The party which would control the Italian and African vote would be sure of the election. Unless both of these could be gained over by the Democrats, as Michael said, "the owld goose was done to a turn." Here lay the difficulty. Giuseppe da Bino, the Italian boss, and Bill Johnson, the colored leader, were at sword's points. Whichever party the one faction took, the other would take the opposite side.

This, then, was the dilemma as laid by Mr. Donohue before the conference. "And, gintlemen," he remarked, relapsing into a chair, "I should very much like to hear suggestions from all av yez."

Mr. Dan Garrity took the floor. "As a mimber of this illustrious body," he said, clearing his throat, "I should suggist that we get Mr. Bino in wid us, and tell Mr. Johnson that he kin also git on the band wagon and grab the plums, we guaranteein' to give him the biggest one of the lot. What do ye think, Mickey?"

"Think! I think yez are a double barreled ijut. What do yez suppose Bill Johnson would do? Sure, he'd take the chance to knife Bino only too quick. He knows only too well that the Raypublicans wud be glad enough to git him."

"Well, why the divil do these fellows have to run round after their bosses, anny how," said Garrity. "If they're born in Ameriky, ain't they Americans? You'd think they was still in Afriky, the way they acts."

"Ah, g'wan! If the owld cat had kittens in the oven would ye call thim biscuits? These fellows all shtick closer than a postage stamp to one another."

Other suggestions were made and as quickly put out of the way by the egregious Mickey. Finally, disgusted, Pat Corrigan exclaimed: "Weil, what'll ye have, anyway? If ye don't like our ways, give us wan av yer own."

Here was what Mickey was waiting for. With a superior smile he rose in his seat. "A way av me own oi hov, but oi thought it wud be best to let ye dunder-headed shpalpeens have yer jaw before ye cud listen to sinse. As I thought, ye haven't brains enough to grease yer flapjack pan with when the hog fat gives out. Oi propose to carry out things in me own way. Yez may consider yerselves adjourned." Utterly crushed, the men filed out.

The next day, the leading Democratic organ stated that the Afro-American element had allied itself with the Democrats; on the next, there was a startling bit of news published. Mr. Michael Donohue had traitorously gone over to the Republican party.

Mr. Donohue, in the meantime, was

calmly sitting in his office smiling at the columns of abuse which were poured upon him by the paper. There was a knock at the door.

"Koom in," said Mickey.

The door opened and a swarthy Italian slouched in.

"Good mornin', Guiseppe. Sit down," genially invited Mickey.

Pointing to the newspaper and looking at Mickey, the man remarked, laconically, "Data true?"

"Yer right," said Mickey.

"I tella you, dat a Beel Johns' he go a da Demapop part'. Data so?"

"Yer right again," said Mickey.

"Well, we talk beezness. I tink you getta da beeg pull wit' da Repub' part' now, eh? Wat you geev me for go a da Repub'? Tree hun' da vote I geeva you—all Italiano. I no lika dat Beel Johns'."

"Well, oi'll tell yez, Guiseppe. You be afther givin' me ivery Dago vote ye can shcare up, and oi'll see—how'd the sthreet cleanin' superintendency do yez?"

"Data good. I geeva you da Italiano vote, den. You gotta da whisk?"

"Sure, sure. Take all yez wants," said Mickey, producing a bottle (not of lemonade). Guiseppe poured out a glass and drank it. It seemed to produce a reminiscent effect on him.

"Oh, deesa contr' no good," he began. "Eight year ago I coma dees contr'. Meest' Grove, he da pres', Meest Jack a Mont', he supervise. Ma broth', he contract'. Gitt a da good job da public work. Work a da tree hour, bumma da five. Now all goa da bow-wows. No geeta da mon' wid-outa da work." And poor Guiseppe, overcome by the excess of his emo-

tions, walked out, but forgot to leave the bottle.

Mickey glared at the door where he disappeared. "Ah, ye black Dagaroni, Oi'll pay yez for that. Oi had me scruples at first, but they're all gone now, sure. A man thot wud do a thrick loike thot deserves to be done dirt, intoirely."

Meanwhile, election day drew near. The Republicans were jubilant because they were sure of the Italian vote. Mickey Donohue was universally execrated by all Democrats, even by his old friends—except a few of the powers that were, who seemed to be unaccountably pleased with him.

Two nights before election, Guiseppe came round to Mickey's office, his olive skin dark with rage. "Howa dees! Howa dees? I hear you promise da street clean' to Meest Rourke. You tink I giva you da Italiano vote eef you lie to me?"

This was what Mickey wished. He had taken great pains to have this rumor reach Guiseppe. So he coolly answered: "Keep yer hair on, me black frind. Oi've got the Italian vote sure now and what do yez suppose oi care about ye? It's too late now for yez to turn them over. (None knew better than he that it was not).

Anger, hate and despair came surging over Guiseppe's face. But it was not too late for revenge, he thought, "Ah, you beeg lie. You showa da tooth too queeck. By 'lection I hava all da Italiano goa da Democrat. I knifa da you." And he plunged down the stairs and into the street.

Mickey leaned back and laughed long and loud. "As I thought, ye black scut. Knife me, will yez? A foine figure av spache, truly."

The morning before election day the news came out. The Democrats had gained the Italian vote, and were sure of victory. When election day had come and gone the forecast was verified. The Democrats had gained the victory. A result of the election, however, seemed peculiar to the Democrats. Mickey Donohue was slated for Police Commissioner, one of the fattest plums on the market.

Gradually, however, it became known that his political "flip" had been for the purpose of driving away the Italian vote from the Republican side.

One night Mickey was called in front of his house by a howling torch-light procession. He was forced to make a speech, and was cheered again and again. As he turned in that night a self-satisfied glow exuding from his jolly face, he muttered to himself: "Sure, and it ain't the dogs thot foight thot always gets the bone; the pup thot shtays on the outside and works the shtricks is loike to get the fat-test."

Far down the street, in a little saloon, Guiseppe da Bino and William Johnson, united by a common sense of defeat, were setting up the drinks for one another.

CHAS. HALEY, '01.

Heard on the Corner

First citizen—Have you noticed the great reduction in school taxes this year?

Second citizen—Yes.

First citizen—Well, that's because the principal of our school up here collected ten cents apiece from his Trig. class, for the foolscap on which they had worked their problems.

Centreville vs. Haywards

The series of games with the Haywards High

Was a pleasure to all parties great;
They beat us the best two out of three games

In baseball and that was our fate.

The first game we played, we defeated them bad

At Centreville. Then we were proud;

We ran up the points by our own little selves,

And hence our rejoicings were loud.

The next time we played, we went to their town.

Such a time as we had on the way!
They beat us by little that time we met,

But we showed them all how to play.

To Centreville next they all came down,

And before the game we all prayed
That we'd beat them. But they beat us,

So that was the last game we played.

Aside from the scores there are other things, too,

Which claim our attention also;
Some held, above all, that the pleasantest part

Was the long Haywards drive to and fro.

How like sardines we were all crowded in

To that narrow old buss of Frank Rose!

Why did not he build one of comfortable size,

So there'd be enough room for our toes?

But the driver, Tapio, was all one
could want,

The best that there is in the land;
He was affable, jolly, courageous and
kind,

If he'd only not smoked that bad
brand.

One of our crowd, who had cause to
complain

Of the leaf that our driver did
smoke,

Was a maiden who sat behind him
both ways,

And for her it, indeed, was no joke.

Over his shoulder, cloud after cloud
Came pouring down heavy and fast,

Right into the face of this maiden so
fair,

With a force that resembled a blast.

When this maiden reached home at
the end of the day,

She was met by her fond mamma,
Who thought that her daughter had
gone to the bad,

But 't was only that rotten cigar.

But the occupants all, so good na-
tured were they,

Including this maiden so fair,

That they laughed and they joked so
that every one knew,

'Twould take more than smoke
them to scare.

The lunch that we had on the ride
was great.

Every one with them something did
take,

Which consisted of crackers, eggs
and biscuits,

Sandwiches, cookies and cake.

We ate till we got to the town of
Haywards,

Till the neat little school hove in
sight,

Then we all filed out and stretched
all our limbs,

And prepared to show all our
might.

The game that we played was exceed-
ingly slow,

And very few things worth to note;
Save the elegant playing of Center-
ville's Tip,

And the cut of Greg'ry's new coat.

Although we did lose that little game,
So small was the vantage they met,

That we howled and we hooted all the
way home,

And nearly the baker upset.

Such a time as we had on that happy
day!

How tired we were after all!

So that when we got home we did
nothing else,

Save into our little beds fall.

STUART CHISHOLM, '02.

The Spectator

The history class was reciting in a
little country high school, just a few
miles from the city of Nowhere. At
that time I happened, by chance, to
be a professor in the university of
that renowned metropolis.

At first, the class seemed a little un-
easy at the presence of one who tried
to look as though he had the history
of the world, from the time of Adam
to the present day, on his tongue's
end. They squirmed in their seats,
and sly winks and smiles went round
the room. They, however, settled
down when the teacher came into the
room, and then each one, according
to his nature, seemed eager to show

how much less or more he knew about the lesson than the next one.

The teacher called upon a large boy who was trying to hide behind the one sitting in front of him. But alas! like an ostrich that sticks its head under the sand when pursued, his head was the only thing hidden. The great two-pounders (as I have heard the graceless youth of the present designate our useful feet) that were stretched out into the middle of the aisle, alone betrayed his presence. The question did not strike him like a thunderbolt, but like a feather wafted by the wind. By degrees he began to rise, but oh! so painfully slow. At last he got up, balanced himself for a moment, and then lounged upon the desk, drawing one leg up upon seat, so that the two penny hob nails in his shoes worked geometry figures in the varnish on the back of the seat, that would have made old Pythagoras weary of solving them. On a whole, he reminded me of a lazy chicken in the heat of the day, seeking the shade, drawing one foot up into her feathers and going to sleep; or an old crane in the marsh, sleeping on one foot. This shows that it is easier to go to sleep standing on one foot than it is on two, and I do not doubt that, if the pupil had remained long in the artistic poise he had taken, he would have been dreaming of trout streams and shady hunting grounds to his heart's content. But he had no more than mumbled the words "I dunno," than he fell into his seat, bringing his feet down with a thunderous bang into the middle of the aisle again.

Standing on one foot and lounging on the desk tends to deform the body, and shows the person to be of a lazy

and slow disposition, for it takes, in my mind, a quick, energetic person to be a genius.

The hour closed with the violent ringing of an electric bell, that awakened some of the class from the pleasures of dreamland.

PIERCE MAYHEW, '03.

Children of Confucious

It was the last month of winter and consequently the busiest time in the overall factory. The summer was soon coming, and there would be a great demand for overalls, so now in the little factory on Stockton street, work was redoubled, and the overseer harsher than ever. In the long and narrow room more than two score busy Chinamen bent with ceaseless labor over the sewing machines, whose whirr could be heard from early morning till late at night. In three long rows the machines and workers were arranged. The first row consisted of the men who ran the machines; directly behind was a row of Chinese girls and women who arranged the work, and kept the men in front of them supplied with material. Back of the women were the cutters, all men older than the sewers. They appeared different from the rest of the workers. They seemed to be men of darker aspect, who perchance had taken the small position in the factory because they could get nothing better to do. Most of these were notorious characters, and not often were the other men and women seen in conversation with them.

During working hours, not a voice could be heard save that of the overseer. All heads were bent, and, apparently, all eyes were fastened on the work. Any one who was seen to speak was fined; and if this occurred often, the culprit was subject to dismissal.

In the front row, the man who sat in the fourth place from the street door was, indeed, different from the rest. Although he worked as hard and diligently as any of the others, his face seemed less blank, his features less heavy, and his whole make-up entirely different. Ah Loi was the overseer's favorite, if, indeed, the overseer had any favorite at all, for he was always on time and did not growl at being kept later than usual when the rush came on. His queue was wrapped about his head in careful plaits, and over this he wore a slouch black hat, as all San Francisco laboring Chinese do. Under his loose-hanging jacket, which was faded from many washings, he wore a large-linked chain, at the end of which was a Waterbury watch. He had become enough Americanized to carry a Waterbury. A Chinaman cares as much for his watch as he does for his neck.

Directly behind Ah Loi sat a slave girl. She came and went to and from the factory every day alone. No one knew where she lived, but they did know that she had a cruel master, who compelled her to earn the tea and rice for him to enjoy. She was small and timid, but in the eyes of the Chinese she appeared a perfect fairy of loveliness. Her hair was as straight and shiny as any Oriental lady could desire, but it pleased her little. She thought not about her appearance,

but of her brothers and sisters in far-off China, from whence she herself had been torn, when she was a very small girl.

Ah Loi had always pitied this small child, and as he watched her grow into a beautiful maiden by his side in the factory, he became more and more fond of her, until this fondness turned to love, so he told her of it one day in the factory. The maiden was shy, but when she found out she was loved, shy though she was, she told Ah Loi that there was a possible show of his some day being very happy.

Day after day they worked, Ah Loi in front of Lang, for that was her name. Brighter was his face each morning as he saw her, and less sad and pensive were her features when they met. All they saw of each other was while at work, for Lang had a cruel master, and although Loi was a brave Chinaman, he dared not intrude upon a slaveholder's household. Both of them hoped some day to earn enough money to be able to free her from bondage. They dared not let their minds dwell on what was to follow, for so much happiness hindered them in their work. However, something might come up that might spoil all their happiness and Ah Loi knew this. He felt that a shadow had crept across their bright path, and he felt that the shadow was one of the men in the back row of the workers. A little to the left, behind Lang, sat one of the cutters, whose impassive face never changed no matter what his thoughts might be. In this man's mind no one knew what was going on. His head was always bent over his shears, but his eyes, veiled by his

lashes, were ever watching the small slave girl. His greatest passion was to get this girl for his wife, to put among his other women and to have her work for him. No sign had ever been made by him to let one believe what he felt. But Loi was a keen man. He knew that Lang feared this dark cutter, why, she could not tell, but she felt that his piercing eyes were ever upon her. Neither man let the other know what they thought, for if a Chinaman has a grievance against another, he does not settle it openly, but follows his enemy at night, waiting until some dark corner is reached, and then with one quick stroke it is over.

Day after day went on, and everything in the factory remained the same, until on the last night of the month, as the men and women were leaving the shop, Loi happened to jostle against his dark enemy, the man that Lang feared. No words were spoken, but the cutter shot at Loi such a fierce and menacing look that it made the pleasant faced Chinaman boil with anger. Every one passed out of the factory, Lang among them, and without a word of parting all went their own way. Lang started toward her master's home, and soon was lost from sight in the darkness. There were very few people on the main streets, and in the alleys scarcely one could be seen. It was a cold, wet, winter's night, and Lang thought the shadows looked darker than ever. But the little slave girl walked boldly on, ever thinking of the happiness that was to come, when she and Loi could join the little brothers and sisters in a far-off land. She now crossed the street to take a

short cut through one of the alleys; for by so doing it took her just fifteen minutes less to reach the house where she lived. How dark the night appeared to her! and for the first time in a long while she thought of herself and of her own safety. What was that? It surely sounded like a step behind her, but probably it was only a rat scurrying across the alley. Too frightened to turn around, she fled on. Soon she would reach her own doorway, and then she would be safe. But no! It was a footstep, and this time becoming braver with excitement, she turned her head just in time to see a man's dark form outline itself against the lighter space of some cross alley. Lang started on at full speed, hugging the walls of the houses. Just ahead of her was another dark space where the shadows were of inky blackness, but she dove into it and hurried on. The soft cat-like tread of the man behind her urged her on, for there was something terrible in the sound of those gliding footsteps. The long stretch of shadow was half over, and she could see ahead of her a light space. But the man's steps seemed to be increasing, as if to attack her before the brighter stretch was reached. She was becoming tired, her feet lagged. It seemed as though she must sink from faintness, and there was never more need than now for swiftness and strength. Her pursuer was now only an arm's length from her, and in the pitchy blackness, as she turned her head, she caught the gleam of a cruel knife. With a shriek she fell to the street, and was only conscious that two dark forms flew over and past her. For the course of five or more

minutes she lay quite exhausted, and then she was carefully lifted from the ground, to recognize Ah Loi. She felt at once delightfully happy, and again the faint picture of her cherished ones came up before her. Loi brought her back to perfect consciousness by slapping her hands. He told her how he, suspecting their dark enemy of the factory, had followed her, intent upon seeing her safely in her own doorway; how he had discovered the cutter following her; she knew the rest. He had given chase to the villain, but the villain was a coward, and as soon as he had found out that he also was pursued had fled. Loi walked with Lang through all the black shadows, past the dark doorways, within a few steps of her own dwelling, and then he disappeared, and Lang entered softly the house of her master.

By six the next morning the overseer counted all in their places, and a satisfied look came over his high-boned visage, for he thought that the day was going to be a good one for work, as it had opened without a single absentee. No sign passed between Loi and Lang, but each mind was filled with many troublous thoughts. The dark cutter's face was as impassive as ever, but the overseer noticed that his eyes wandered too often from his work. Loi also noticed this, but kept it to himself. When the noon hour came he told Lang nothing, save to be sure and take the longer way home, and not go through the alleys. Every night the workers stopped at half-past eleven, and every morning they began at six. Lang was as regular as the rest, and had no interruption between the factory and

her master's house. However, she always took the long way home, acting upon Loi's advice. Little did she know that her faithful lover was only a few rods behind her every night as she hurried home, for she could not hear the fall of his noiseless shoes upon the ground. He guarded her as a detective guards a crook.

A week passed, and no adventure occurred on the way home, which made deep dark lines under Lang's almond eyes. Loi was beginning to feel comfortable once more, and to believe that their enemy had been frightened out of his project to get Lang. One morning, at the last of the second week, a chair was vacant in the back row of cutters in the factory. Lang felt a great happiness rise in her heart. The place of the man she feared so was unoccupied. Loi's face showed nothing; he was very busy with his machine and sewed hard all day. That night the overseer drew him aside and said something in his ear, which brought a smile to Loi's face. Saturday passed and Monday came, still Lang dared not mention to Loi the name of the cutter who had left the factory. She felt that he must know and she also wanted to know. At last, one day at the noon hour, Loi came to her where she was seated, separated from all the rest, and told the little slave girl that she need fear no more. He told her how one night, the dark enemy had followed her again, and how he had kept at a slight distance behind. He saw the color come to Lang's cheeks as he told her how, when a dark doorway was reached, he, Loi, had jumped quickly upon the hated one, and with the aid of a short two-edged dagger

had sent the villain, all unaware, to be feasted upon by twenty thousand devils. He quieted her fears as to the police, telling her that many such deeds had been done, and the guilty one had never been detected. Then Loi changed the subject quickly, and told his little slave girl that he had seen her cruel master and that he was her cruel master no more. She only smiled when he told her that the overseer had asked him to go into partnership with him in the factory, and that through this, he had been able to free her from one master, to be soon taken to another, and that other was himself. Now Lang, no more the little slave, told Loi that it would be a very pleasant master to whom she was willing to go, and that her slavery from now on would be a happy state of serfdom.

Lang soon became Loi's wife, and in six months' time they were on their way to the little brothers and sisters in the far-off land of peachblossoms, leaving forever the squalid streets and the dark alleys, the scenes of Lang's sufferings and of Loi's hardships, which were soon to become fainter and more faint, until all at last would be lost in sweet oblivion.

STUART CHISHOLM, '92.

Poetry Made Easy

It was but recently that I read some condensed poems by Miss Ruyter Little More; in the preface to these poems, she suggested that most poems should be condensed and their meaning brought out more clearly. Knowing the quantity of poetry that the pupil of to-day has to absorb, I suggest to the university that the poems, now studied in the schools,

should likewise be condensed. The pupil would thereby not only gain much available time, but would also be saved the tedium of hunting the author's meaning through numberless verses. To illustrate what I mean, I will add the following specimens of condensed poems:—

Keat's Ode to a Nightengale

What is it that I've had
That makes me feel so bad,
That I to thee would fly
And in some tree would vie
With thee in song?

O, for a drink of wine
That now is old with time!
Or maybe some good brand
Forth from the corner stand
Would make me feel like thee.

Together we would go,
And our wild oats would sow;
Not like men do here,
But with our conscience clear,
For we are free.

I have no wine as old as time,
So will fly to thee on wings of rime;
And together we will sport,
'Neath the bright moon and her court
Of stars and planets and the heav-
ens blue.

I have often wished for death,
That he might stop my breath;
And if you will sing a song,
I know it won't take long
For me to go.

O, thou immortal bird,
We all thy song have heard;
And when Gabriel blows his horn
For all the poor forlorn,
May it be like thy song.

The Ancient Mariner

There was an ancient mariner,
 Who told a tale of woe
 Unto some merry wedding guests
 Who were in haste to go.

"The tale? 'Twas how I shot an albatross

Out on the great South Sea,
 And then repented of the deed
 For it brought no luck, you'll see.

"The ship, it wouldn't go no more;
 The men got mad with rage;
 They said 'twas all my fault;
 And my hair got white with age.

"Things got to be most desperate,
 I thought I'd die from fright,
 For all the men around me died,
 And it left me alone at night.

"I got so scared I couldn't sleep,
 For all the boards did rot;
 And my throat it got so very dry,
 For the air was awful hot.

"They hung the bird around my neck,
 To bring a curse on me,
 But suddenly one day,
 The bird it fell into the sea.

"And then I fainted dead away,
 And when at last I did come to,
 I saw with very much surprise
 That the crew had come to, too.

"And that crew it was a ghastly sight,
 For they ne'er did move or speak;
 And then the wind began to blow,
 And the ship began to creak.

"And then two angels guided us
 Over the ocean wave,
 And I heard them say, the curse
 would stay,
 Since I killed the albatross brave.

"At last we entered the harbor bar
 With that ghastly crew as guide;
 And the people shunned me from that
 day,
 For they could not my presence
 abide.

"And so this moral I will add,
 That none of us should e'er be bad,
 That we should love the birds and
 fish,
 And then we'll get what e'er we
 wish."

Paul Revere's Ride

There was a man who took a ride,
 But from the British he had to hide.
 It was in '75, he did the deed,
 For he wanted the Americans to be
 in the lead.

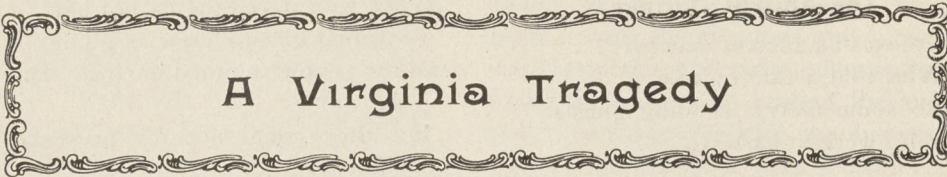
From the old North Church there
 shone a light,
 And it made Revere ride all the
 night;
 To keep the British from making a
 fuss,

The Americans had to work or bust.
 Paul Revere rode down the street,
 And for miles you could hear his
 horse's feet.

He rode through every village and
 town,
 And then from his horse he got him
 down.

And if it hadn't been for Paul Revere,
 We'd had no liberty, to us so dear.
 And then, as a consequence, you
 know,
 The American people would have had
 to go,
 And Washington never'd been on
 deck,
 For he would have got it in the neck.

CLARA ARCHIBALD.



A Virginia Tragedy

Once a gypsy, reading my palm, said slowly, with an ominous shake of her head, that there would be much sorrow in my life. She had spoken truer if she had said that there had been, for my youth was wrecked by a terrible accident, all due to my ungovernable temper.

All my youth, my outbursts of anger cast shadows over those around me, for my temper was quick and deadly. I inherited it from many generations of forefathers, so that it seemed inseparably joined to my life. All my struggles to subdue it seemed futile, although here I always had John to aid me, who always stood ready to restrain my outbursts, and to soothe away the shame and sorrow of the re-action I always suffered.

John was my only brother, and had always been both father and mother to me. When my father died, shot while defending Richmond against the Federal forces, he told John, then a young lieutenant fighting in the same cause, that he must always be a father to me. When, two years afterwards, our mother followed him, she whispered to John as she kissed him goodbye, "Remember, John, Sidney has only you to look after him now." And well did John keep his trust. He was a dozen years older than I, quiet and thoughtful, the very opposite of myself. Together we lived at Hollywood, and I knew and wished for no

other love than his till I rounded my twenty-first year. Then all changed.

Old General Lee, our nearest neighbor, had an only child, Grace, one of the most charming beauties of the old Dominion. For several years she had been at Paris, receiving the finish considered so necessary by every Southern girl, and when she returned, she dazzled everyone with the brilliancy of her beauty and her wit, and with an infinite sweetness, she won all hearts.

I was of this number. I fell in love with Grace, with the same impetuosity that I did everything. There was an old feud between our families, but this did not keep me from wooing her, for it had long lain in abeyance. In fact, the younger members of the families scarcely knew of its existence. John was almost always with me when I saw her, yet I never told him of my love. I believe it was the only secret I ever kept away from him, and in the blindness of my passion, I never saw that he, in his unostentatious way, loved her as dearly as I.

One day I met Grace alone, and before I knew what I was doing, I was blurting out my love, telling her how life without her would be nothing to me. She checked me by holding up one hand, on which sparkled a beautiful solitaire that I had never seen there before. It was as though I had been struck in the face, and I stood

silent, trying to master the passionate disappointment that came surging through my whole body. She saw my pain, and tried to comfort me. "I am sorry, Sidney," she said gently, "but—you must know—I am to marry your brother."

"You don't mean that you and John are engaged!" I cried.

She nodded. "Couldn't you see it? Why, we have loved each other for years!"

"Why has he kept this from me?" I cried, all my anger and rage flashing out against him. I would not listen to her excuses, but burst away, burning to confront him with his deceit, for deceit it seemed to me.

It was twilight as I approached the house and came upon him as he was dismounting before the door.

"Let me congratulate you," I said, in a voice quivering with anger, "both for winning your bride and for your discretion in deceiving me." Never before had I turned against him a face dark with rage.

"Why, Sidney," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

Not trusting myself to answer him, I rushed into the house, locking myself in my room. It was almost midnight before he came to my door.

"Let me in, Sidney," he said, "I have seen Grace and she has told me all. You misjudge me, for I never suspected that you loved her."

But I neither stirred nor spoke. How his noble heart must have bled with this quarrel!

The next morning I saw him going away in the direction of the Lee's. My rage had all died down now, and was followed by chagrin and shame. Still I could not face John, and hear

him excuse my conduct, taking the blame on himself, as I knew he would.

There was one other comforter who never failed to soothe me. That was Nature. There was a tract of woodland near our home, used as a game preserve, and here I knew I would be alone, for I longed for solitude. So I took my rifle and slipped out, without any one being the wiser. I wandered about for an hour or so, without any aim, turning over in my mind all that had happened the day before, bound up in my thoughts and paying no heed to my steps, when the sudden whirr of a whip-poor-will made me jump. As I did so, my foot caught in a trailing vine, and I fell heavily forward, flinging my rifle from my hands, which was discharged by the concussion.

A terrified scream followed the report and brought me to my feet. It was a woman's voice. That she was undoubtedly startled by the sudden noise was my only thought, as I broke through the thicket in front. Far from what I expected was the sight which met my eyes. There stood Grace like some frightened deer; her little hands were pressed against her heart, and her face was blanched with terror. Bending over her, with passionate fear on his face, stood John. Grace saw me first, and a look of horror spread across her face, and she seemed to shrink from me, shrink from me in terror, and seek refuge in him.

"O, John," I heard her gasp, in a voice whose strangeness I was not able to understand till afterwards, "keep him away!" My God! did she think that I was a brute, who had

fired to frighten her and intrude upon their meeting?

At last John noticed me. For a full minute he stood as if stupified, then suddenly, throwing one hand before his eyes, he cried, "My God! Sidney, go away!"

I had stood rooted to the spot, but his word brought back my senses. Like some hunted thing, I turned and fled, breaking my way through the underbrush, with but one thought of escaping from that look of repulsion and fear on Grace's face, that horror of John's. For an hour I must have wandered thus, my eyes almost blinded with my anguish, my temples throbbing with the pain of this new blow. A whistle in the distance and the rumble of an approaching train brought me back to my senses, and with them came the enchanting thought of solitude.

In the North Carolina mountains we had a small fishing station on the L—— river, the "Cascades" we called it, for it projected far out under some waterfalls. If I was there, no one would disturb me, and I could stay till I had conquered my grief. It was the wild impulse of the moment of a high-born spirit, stung to the quick by those he loved best. There was a little flag station not more than a hundred yards away. A few brisk steps, a slight raise of the hand as the train swung round the turn, a light jump to the platform as it slowed down, and I was off for the "Cascades." Little did I know how bitterly I was to repent of my haste.

All afternoon we pounded away to the south, through the stifling heat. The peaceful plantations of Virginia gave place to the foot-hills of North

Carolina, where it was sand and pines, pines and sands, as far as the eye could reach; but I heeded neither the landscape nor the blistering heat. I was dazed, and every whistle from the engine sounded in my ears like the scream of Grace's voice, and the steady rumble of the train settled down to a terrified "Keep him away, John! keep him away!"

At last I felt a hand on my arm, and turned round to confront the conductor's portly form. He was come to tell me that we had arrived at the flag station of the Cascades.

I must have stared at him stupidly, for his bantering tone turned to one of kindly interest as he helped me off.

The train was gone, and I was left alone in the wilderness and the gathering dusk. Our cabin was half a mile farther up the river, and I could hear the water falling over the rocks above with an uncanny sound at this hour. The sky was black, and high above on the ridges a gale was blowing, which seemed to break and yet to enhance the stillness of the canyon. A night-bird flew by with its dismal chirp, and with the sound all the tension of my over-wrought nerves gave way. Throwing myself on the ground, I buried my head in my arms, and shook with sobs whose force only a man can know. Mine was the grief of a heart that cries for love,—for love, and gets scorn and abhorrence.

How long I lay there I cannot say, for I scarcely know what I did. The storm broke at last, and I instinctively felt my way to the cabin, as even a hunted beast seeks shelter from the raging elements. In utter misery I threw myself on a couch and once more gave rein to my emotions. I

remember how I felt the wind and rain to be in sympathy with me, shrieking and moaning, louder and higher, or dying away into stillness, as my grief rose or fell.

But the weakness of the flesh at last triumphed over my troubles, and I sank into a dull, feverous sleep, to wander with Grace along the banks of a beautiful river in Virginia, happy as children in the sunshine. Yet in the distance, a horrible monster kept following us.

The next day I opened the door on a raging sea of water. The river was flooded high above its banks, making an island of the rock on which the cabin was built, and completely cutting off all approach to the main-land; but to this I was indifferent.

A man's thoughts are not always the best of companions, and mine were far from pleasant. All the daze of yesterday was gone, and I could once more think rationally, seeing clearly what a fool my hot-headedness and over-sensitiveness had made of me, and too late I realized the folly of my flight, for now I could call it little else. As I went over the last two days, step by step, it seemed strange to me that Grace should show so much terror. How vividly I could see her now! And as I took in every detail of that picture, and remembered the strangeness of her voice, a thought came to me, that seemed to drive away all life from my brain and leave it a poor dead thing. Then back came the blood, and with it, the full agony of conviction. Great God! could it be,—it must be! It was not mere terror that had made Grace shrink from me, not mere scorn that had made John raise his hand to shut

me from his sight. She was—ah, even to write it now these many years after seems impossible—she was wounded, shot,—shot by the man that loved her; dying, yes, perhaps dead, for I would imagine the worst. To get back to Grace, to see her before it was too late, was now my one thought. Then I sank down with a helpless moan, as the cabin shook under the force of an extra violent wave, bringing me back to my helpless situation. I was only a few hours' ride from her, and only fifty feet from the main-land, where I could see the railroad track like a fine dark line through the mist; only fifty feet, but they might have been fifty thousand miles, and I would have been no more helpless, and scarcely more hopeless.

A week after, wet, dishevelled, crazed with grief, I sprang from the train as it slowed down to stop at the station near "Hollywood," and set off for the Lee home at a run along the path that led through the very glen where, a week before, I had come across John and Grace. The moon was in its last quarter, and cast a weird red light on all the leaves, so that to my crazed fancy, they looked as if changed to blood, and I shuddered.

A death-like stillness seemed to brood over the great house, as I pounded on the door with the old knocker. I heard the echoes ringing through the halls with an unearthly sound, and then all was silence. After what seemed hours, the door was opened a notch by an old negress, who fled at the sight of me. I pushed open the door and saw her at the far end of the hall, sunk on her knees, with her eyes rolling in terror at my wild face. It was sometime before I

calmed her sufficiently to gain the knowledge concerning Grace, which only too terribly confirmed my fears. Grace had been shot, and had been carried to the doctor's house at Corinth, the nearest town, in an unconscious state.

Whether she was yet alive the old negress did not know. But I had heard enough. I knew that old General Lee had always boasted of his fine horses. I would put that boast to the test to-night. In a few moments I was off at a wild gallop, mounted on one of his thoroughbred animals. It was but a few minutes before we had covered the six miles, and had drawn up before the doctor's gate. As I threw myself off, a man came out from the shadows. It was the family minister. I blocked his way.

"Sidney Clinton," he gasped, as he started back, "Where ——" But I did not heed him.

"Is Grace Lee still alive?" I cried.

He stared into my white face for a full minute, and then bowing his head, he said simply, "She is dead."

"My God!" I exclaimed, "and I killed her."

"What, you!" the old man exclaimed, "they are lynching your brother to-night for the crime!"

"Not John!" But before he could answer, from the south came a faint crack of a rifle, a volley, a shout, another volley, and then all was still again. We both knew what that meant.

"They are taking him from the jail now!" he cried. "My God! ride! On you depends his life!" and he pointed in the direction of the shots.

It is years since I left the old min-

ister standing there by the gate, and with his words ringing in my ears, galloped madly along the road toward Essex; yet even now, I can feel the air blowing cold against my feverish face, and feel the straining of every muscle of the horse under my fierce urging. Fast as I went, it seemed hours before I dashed around a curve, and saw, a short distance ahead, many torches sputtering and smoking, and the dark forms of many men moving swiftly about. It was too far away to see distinctly, but I knew too well what was being done; they had taken the prisoner from the sheriff and were lynching him. If I could only reach them before the deed was done, if I could only make myself heard by that crowd, all would be well. If I failed,—but I could not think of failure, and I cursed wildly, as I threw myself along the neck of the animal and sunk my spurs more cruelly into his flanks, and rode straight for that circle. Suddenly two men leaped out from the pitchy darkness and grasped at her head. One missed, but the other caught her by the bit; she swerved from her course, reared, and I heard her hoofs strike against the fellow as he fell with a groan. But the momentum of our rush had been broken, and other men were all around us now, and rough hands pulled me from the saddle. Then a torch was held close down to my face, blinding me by the sudden glare. I heard an oath above and the voice of Clarence Lee, her cousin:

"It's his brother, Sid Clinton, poor fool! What did he think to do here alone, and for such a cur? Could he think that the proof was not com-

plete, when the very gun was found? Hold him with the sheriff till we are through here," and he started back for the center of the gang.

"Stop! you're hanging an innocent man!" I cried, and I tried to struggle to my feet. But my arms were suddenly pinioned from behind, and a bandage slipped over my mouth. I struggled to free myself, but to no use; I was a prisoner.

In the center of the light was a large tree, and here directly under a limb stood John, a noose around his neck. There was neither terror nor anger on that face; only calm resignation that comes after a storm, as if he had had a hard struggle with himself to give up to that dreadful fate, to be hanged as a felon.

The preparations were almost all made, it seemed, for in a few minutes General Lee stepped before those assembled there, and in a death-like stillness said, slowly and sternly:

"John Clinton, you are to die this night for the murder of my daughter. The proofs against you are unquestionable. Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing," came the clear response.

"Then you are ready?"

My brother merely bowed his head, and the general raised his hand. At the signal, a hat was pushed down over the doomed man's face, and half a dozen men—but what they did I cannot say. My guards, forgetting their charge, had been watching the scene with intense interest, and, taking advantage of this carelessness, I had been working wildly at the cords that bound my arms. One still held, and I strained at it with all the

strength of desperation, strained till the cord cut through the flesh, and I could feel the warm blood running down my hands. Then it broke, and I looked up to see the rope over the limb and it was taut. Half a dozen men blocked my way, but I threw myself on them with the madness of fear, trying to fight my way through. But it was useless, and I was forced back. I saw a man raising a rifle to knock me down; I looked beyond him, and again saw that taut rope. Instinctively I wrenched the gun from his grasp, and aimed over his shoulder at the men who were holding the rope. The shot went above them, and severed the rope. At least John was not doomed to die like a felon. As he touched the ground, unharmed, another shot rang out and I saw him stagger and fall. One of the Lee boys had shot him.

Then they let me through. As I raised him in my arms, his eyes opened for the last time. He did not seem surprised to see me, yet a pained look came into his face, and I understood.

"It was an accident," I sobbed. "I did not know that she was shot, or that you had confessed the crime to save me. Oh, why did you do it?"

A radiant glow broke over his face, and he whispered softly, "I thank God, Sidney, that He did not let me die doubting you."

Then he smiled with joy; perhaps he saw her standing there where he was going,—where he had gone.

But before I could sorrow I must free him from all guilt before the world. I laid him gently on the ground, and facing them all, told them simply what I knew; told of the love

of my brother; of my own passion; told them all I have written here, and when I had finished, there was silence, broken only by the sobs of the general, as he knelt over that prostrate form.

C. M. JORDAN, '01.

An Educational Pioneer

Emory Munyan, the subject of this sketch, was born in Thompson, Windham County, Connecticut, on Christmas day, 1823. In his early life he learned the trade of spindle making and pursued it for some time. In 1852, however, he decided to come to California. He arrived here in June of that year, and at once commenced farming, which occupation he pursued up to the time of his death.

Having thus sketched the outline of his life, it is my intention to describe Mr. Munyan as I knew him, both in public and in private life.

Mr. Munyan, up to the time of his death, was always closely identified with the educational interests of this community. Himself a man of considerable intellect, he took great interest in the welfare of the pupils. The Lincoln Grammar School, situated about 200 yards from his house, was the apple of his eye. He it was who provided it with its well-stocked library and who donated to it a cabinet of shells, which was at one time unsurpassed by any conchological collection in the vicinity. Mr. Munyan was trustee of this school for nearly thirty years, to the time of his death. He was also trustee of the High School for a long time. Here

he was one of the most respected members of the Board, taking a leading part in all school improvements. All men have hobbies, and one of his was the planting of liberty trees. At the High School he planted a sequoia that is at present flourishing; also at the Lincoln Grammar School. He would send for earth from points of historical interest in the United States—as earth from Bunker Hill and the village green at Lexington, dust from Mount Vernon and soil from the grave of Lincoln—and place it around the roots when the tree was being planted, all with appropriate ceremonies.

Another of his methods of stimulating a patriotic interest in the grammar school, was the celebration of Revolutionary holidays. On April 19th he would go up in front of the school and relate the story of Lexington and Concord as told to him by one of the participants.

As I said before, all men have hobbies, but Mr. Munyan's were usually in the public interest. One of his chief ones was the road question. During his term as roadmaster he cared for the roads in the most conscientious manner possible.

When he was not roadmaster, he found much to criticize in the condition of the roads and was continually pointing out their defects. Although an old man, he could sometimes be seen breaking stone on the road, so as to have it done to suit himself.

In private life I never knew a more kind and courteous neighbor. All the fruit in his orchard was at the disposal of his friends. Often, when working in the field near his home, I have been called in and given as much

cool cider as I could drink. He was generous to a fault. He gave away anything he had, if any one happened to want it. As he was a fine Spanish scholar, the Spaniards would offer him considerable sums for the translation of documents. These he would always refuse. There was no one anywhere within his vicinity who was not a recipient of his bounty in some form or other.

When he died in May, 1899, a good scholar, a generous spirit and a true gentleman were lost to the world. It was no wonder that people for miles around attended his funeral in the Centerville grave yard, since so many had received tokens of sincere friendship.

Possibly if you search among the long grass and tangled weeds of the Presbyterian Church yard at Centerville, you may find a rough mound of earth, without headstone or any distinguishing mark. Under this lie the mortal remains of one who gave away so much in his life that he had naught at his death to leave behind. It seems truly pathetic that so little should be done to commemorate such a man. The monument which he has reared for himself, however, is one of good deeds, of a lifetime well spent. In the words of the poet:

"Yet after he was dead and gone,

And e'en his memory dim,

Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,

More full of love, because of him."

CHAS. HALEY, '01.

Teacher (severely)—Now don't groan so at an ex.; history is easy to remember.

Bright Middler—Is that because history repeats itself?

A Trip to Mount Diablo

"We have spent our summer under the shadow of Mount Diablo for many years and yet none of us have had courage to attempt to climb the mountain. I move we start to-morrow." This was said by a very determined looking lady, about three o'clock one afternoon. The party having gladly accepted the proposal she continued:

"Dan, you see the hired man about the horses to ride."

"All right, Miss Florence," and Dan swung himself over the low railing around the summer house, and headed for the barn. In a few moments Mike, slowly walking with Dan, came in view.

"Well, Miss Florence," began Mike. "Well, I reckon if its climbing ye want, why I guess ye is going ter git it. Ye see, there ain't no wagon light enough ter take yez up there, and its too steep ter ride hoss back, 'sides there ain't no hosses ter ride. I guess yez will have ter walk up the trail, and it's a good seven mile, mam! We can take yez to the foot in the hay cart, though."

"Oh!" exclaimed some of the girls, "we can never do that!"

"Well," said Miss Florence, "I guess we will live through it. I don't think we will get any more tired climbing all day than dancing all night at some ball."

"Of course not!" exclaimed Dan, "Now, who else wants to go?"

"If you plase, sir," began Mike, the hired man, "if ye won't be a thinking its too much bother, I ben thinking

I'd like to go, too. Course yez will be wantin' some one to look out fur the hoss, and if Bridget don't go I might give yez a lift with the cookin'."

"I am sure it is very kind of you, Mike, to offer to go. Of course, we cannot see everything, and tend to things, too. I will go to see Bridget about the cooking now," and Miss Florence sped swiftly toward the kitchen. In a few minutes she returned with her answer. Bridget could not go, but she would give them plenty of her cooked things.

"Now, how many are going?" asked Miss Florence. Three of the boys consented to join the party, but only one more girl. The climb seemed to scare them, but if they had known what was coming they might have gone just to see the fun.

Seven o'clock the next morning found Mike driving up to the front door with the hay cart. Bridget stood at the door to see us off. "Good-by, Miss Florence," she called. "I hope yez will be after havin' a good time."

What a jolly ride that was in the fresh, sweet morning air! The dew on the grass sparkled like diamonds, the songs of the birds and the sweet breath of the opening flowers made our hearts light. We stopped on a clearing at the foot of the mountain; trees, vines and beautiful shrubs were everywhere. A brook babbled softly over the stones.

"We'll follow this brook to its source," said Mike. He had been up the mountain before. The wagon was left there, and on the two horses were packed the bedding and provisions. We now started to climb in earnest. Dan led one horse and Mike the other. The path was covered with a

slippery grass that made it impossible to keep on one's feet without the support of a strong stick. In places the stream was dried up, and the rocky bed was the path. Sometimes it ran under shady trees, sometimes along the brown barren mountain side, where all that met the eye was withered grass, piles of stones and scrubby live oaks.

Perseverance received its reward. When we were nigh fainting with heat and choking with thirst, we came around a rocky turn in the trail, and there above us were several trees. The sound of a gurgling rivulet, softly running on its downward course, gave heart to the weary travelers.

"Jist a little more now, an' yez will have a rest. Up there under them trees is the beginnin' of this here creek we have bin a followin' this long while."

The spot to which Mike led us was an open space of about three acres, sheltered on two sides by peaks and on the others by trees. In the largest clump of trees was a spring of clear, cold water where cresses grew in abundance. After a short rest and a refilling of all the water jars, for Mike had said this was the last spring, we started on our way again.

It was a long walk to the peak of the highest mountain. We had to stop about a quarter of a mile down from the top, it being impossible to camp on a pile of stones. The government had had a place fixed for campers to stay. The brush had been cleared away, leaving a comparatively level place about twenty-five feet square. On one side of this were two or three large trees. On the other side was a small brick fireplace. No

one was allowed to build a fire anywhere except in one of the several brick fireplaces about the mountain, because all the brush and trees had been burned off several times, from fires left by careless campers.

Cut out of the brush on the edge of the open space, were three places about seven feet long and four or five wide. Poles were erected here, and all that had to be done was to stretch the canvas over the frame, and a nice tent was ready for use. As soon as we reached this point, we tied the horses and climbed to the top of the mountain.

We arrived there just in time to see the glorious sunset. Oakland and the upper end of the bay could plainly be seen, but San Francisco was shrouded in a fog. Away to the east, the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras rose in view, but the cynosure of all was the glass dome of the State Capitol, glowing like a planet in the northern heavens, reflecting the rays of the fading sun. Away to the south were fields and orchards, scattered like squares on the checker board. All this could be seen with the naked eye.

When the last beam of the sun had faded in the west and the last cloud had turned to ashy gray, our little party descended to our camp. After supper we proposed to retire early, in order to be up in time for the sunrise on the morrow, but it was not to be. As Dan walked out to see if the horses were all right, he gave an exclamation of surprise, and then called the rest of us. It was something we had not thought about—the electric lights.

If the Capitol had been beautiful in the light of the setting sun, it was

still more beautiful now. Illuminated with the many colored lights, it shown clearly against the calm evening sky—a dome of dazzling light within a dome of darkness. San Francisco could not be seen for the fog, but Oakland was very plain, and the trains coming and going looked not more than five miles away. The signals that were given were very distinct. All around us the towns were plainer than in the daylight. Then the houses were so much of a color that one was apt to overlook some, but when the town was lighted, each rose to view from the darkness in orderly array. We stayed and enjoyed the wonderful panorama till the cold night wind reminded us it was growing late, and time to return.

There was no cock to sound the early clarion note, but the song of the early bird bid our little company rouse from their slumbers and arise in haste, if we would see the sun ascend the heights of heavens from the already glowing east.

Hastily we dressed and hurried to the top. This was a pile of stones, built up cone-shape from the path. On the top was a brick chimney, more useful than ornamental, about four or five feet high, on which were the points of the compass. On the north, and coming out of the solid rock, was a long pole on which was fastened a white flag. Dan, with the help of some of the other young men, gathered a few pieces of wood and built a fire in a hollow of the rock, that we might warm ourselves. The east reddened slowly, and at last the sun's bright orb rose above the gray and purple mists of morning. It was hard to decide which scene was the most

lovely, that of the evening or this of the morning.

The one great disappointment was that we could not see San Francisco. It persistently remained enveloped in fog. San Jose, Livermore, Vallejo, Stockton, and many other places could be seen. After a while, we were recalled from our happy view by the ever-useful Mike, who reminded us that we had had no breakfast. Slowly we descended from the mountain top to our camp. Here we found, to our dismay, that we had used up all the water, leaving none to get breakfast with; so we decided to delay that meal till we reached the spring half way down the mountain.

We broke camp and turned our faces homeward. Some one said as we started, that it would be easy to go down, but it was not so very easy after all. Miss Florence and Amy, her friend, started on ahead. They had not gone very far when, as they were turning round a windy corner, Amy stumbled on the sharp stones. If Florence had not caught her just in time, she would have fallen over the edge of the path and gone rolling down the mountain.

At last we reached the spring. Plenty of wood was at hand to build a fire with, and soon a meal was ready. We were hungry enough, for we had been up since four, and it was now about ten o'clock. We did not stop any longer than necessary, because we wished to be home before dark.

When we left the spring Mike, who had boasted about the game he would bring home with him, gave the horse. he was leading to Henry, while he went on ahead with his gun. We

had not gone far, for we were just a little way from the spring, when something went snap! and Marquis, the horse Dan was leading, jumped. Dan stopped singing long enough to cry "Whoa!" It did no good, however, for Marquis had pulled away from him, and was plunging down the mountain side. "Call for Mike!" yelled Dan absurdly, and Florence meekly obeyed. Soon the canyon was filled with the echoes. As the horse jumped, the hatchet fell at Dan's feet; he picked it up, handed it absently to Florence, who gave it to Amy. Amy was crying hysterically now. As Marquis ran he scattered the packages in all directions. The first jump he made, he turned a summersault and landed on his back in a pile of stones; he gave another jump, which set him on his feet, but in a bunch of scrubby live oaks.

Thus down he flew, sometimes falling on piles of stones and sometimes rolling down the bare mountain. Down in the canyon, Mike heard them calling him and turned to see what the trouble was. He needed no one to tell him when he saw Marquis plunging toward him.

When Marquis reached the bottom of the hill and saw Mike, he shyed a little at first, but he was too exhausted to run much, and willingly let himself be taken. In due time we arrived with all the things, but the hatchet could not be found.

"Amy, did you see the hatchet?" asked Florence.

"No, I did not," replied Amy, beginning to look for it. After some searching, Florence turned again to speak to Amy.

"Well I should think not!" she ex-

claimed, "you have it in your hand."

We began to repack the horses while Amy and Florence went on ahead to gather ferns. They had not gone far when they came to great beds of lovely ferns. As they were gathering them, they heard something crashing through the brush.

"Was that a bear?" whispered Amy, remembering the one they had seen going up. "I don't know," said Florence, "lets go back!"

As they hurried up the trail, the animal seemed to be following them. They quickened their pace, and at last began to run and call for help. In a few moments, the boys above them heard their cries and started to the rescue. All along the path they looked, but saw nothing, and heard nothing, very much to the girls chagrin and the boys amusement.

We reached the foot of the trail at the little clearing without further adventure. Suddenly we all heard something crashing through the brush, and turning, saw several steers coming with lowered heads at Florence and Amy. The girls had presence of mind enough to step on the opposite side of the horses.

"The bears!" said Henry, as we entered the vine covered enclosure about the wagon. When the girls disappeared so suddenly, the steers stopped, as if they had been changed to stone, and stood staring into space, as if they expected to see some one rise from the ground. The last we saw of them they were still standing there, and they may still be for all I know, trying to account for the sudden disappearance of those girls.

We opened the packs to place things in the wagon. Marquis had

carried the provision, and as the butter had been in a glass jar, the sugar in a paper sack, the two had been creamed together, well flavored and spiced with bits of glass and paper.

We soon started for home, arriving there about 4 o'clock. When relating the story of Marquis, some were inclined to doubt it.

"Why," said one man, "if all that had happened, there would have been no horse left."

"Well," said Dan, "it did happen, And the funny part of it, he got only one little scratch on his leg, but if he had been worth ten cents, he would have been killed sure."

HARRIET A. PATTERSON, '04.

Have You Heard

How Tyson always has "love" against him when on the "court?"

How a certain dignified Senior is in great "pearl" of never learning how to pronounce correctly?

How Salz either receives due bills or billet doux?

How Prof. Granville would like some "sweet" Latin pupils?


How when "Peter," alias M. J., wishes to paint, she scorns rouge, preferring ink applied with roses?

How Mr. Harris has special reasons for staying to see the end of the tennis games, in the "sweet balmy evenings?"

Queries

How long must a person live in a boat to make it a house boat?

Why were two of our young ladies so anxious to meet the Hayward's pitcher?



EDITORIAL

Why Turn Us Loose?

It was our pleasure, at the graduating exercises of the class of '97, to hear Professor Bailey of Berkeley address the class in a most interesting manner. Among the remarks that he made, the one that most impressed us was: "But why should we turn such a lot of young people loose on the community?" Although we do not know how he answered this, the question itself has remained with us.

Why should we be turned loose on the community, with training which is only in a semi-completed state? We shall attempt to answer this in our own way. First, because we have received a training which is sufficient to stimulate further development; we are in a position to learn, and do not imagine that we know it all. This is too often the case with the college graduate, who is supposed to be fully equipped for the battle of life, so that he is altogether too sure of himself.

Second, the equipment which we have received is fundamental, and therefore important enough and strong enough to warrant our building upon it.

Third, and last, we have acquired a discipline which will prove invaluable in any line of work that we may have chosen. It must not be thought that the supposedly suffering community is to be inflicted with all of us just yet. Some of us will pass on to college, there to continue the training of which the rudiments have already been impressed upon us. Whether

we do or whether we do not, our high school training will never come amiss.

Departing

Four years ago, entering upon the scene of High School life, we had our first experience of what has since proved to be a considerable source of both profit and pleasure. Now, about to end our course, we can look back over these years with feelings of mixed pleasure and regret.

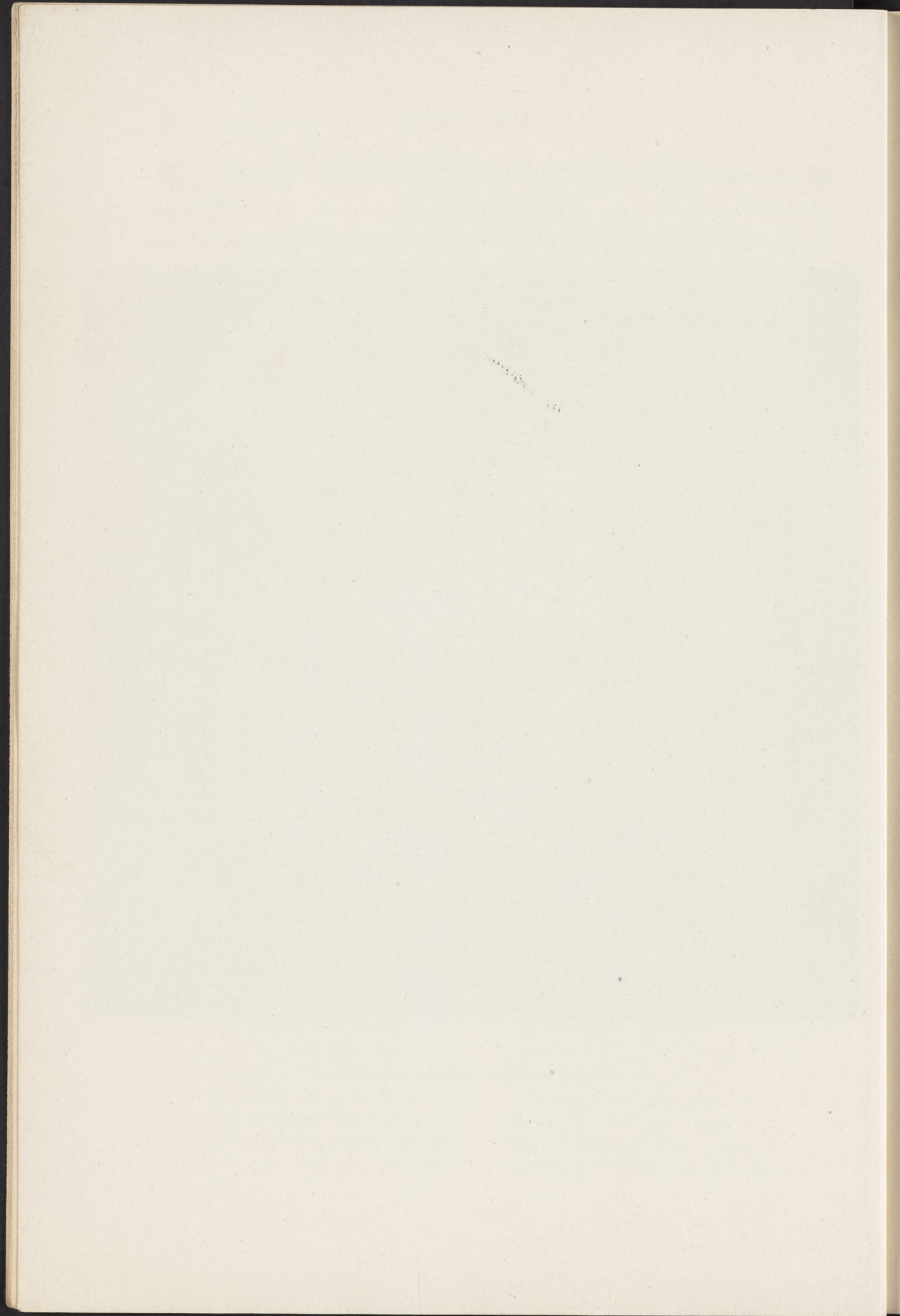
As scrubs, we certainly had our most interesting time. A class of "savage juniors" - was that of '99. They kept life interesting for all with whom they came in contact, and kindly devoted their special and immediate attention to our enlightenment. The swimming contests arranged under the supervision of the Vigilance Committee, out in the old horse trough; the hair cutting and every other species of trouble that could be made for us, all were vividly impressed on our mind. Those were the days in which no scrub could afford to be "fresh."

Then the junior year, when we could reply in kind; and the pleasure we had, leading the innocent minds of the incoming scrubs into paths of wickedness. The middle year followed quickly. It was the great football year, and for a while life was worth living.

Finally, comes the senior year. At the end we feel that much has been enjoyed and that there is much to regret in our leaving. Yet it is not as it



EDITORIAL STAFF ORANGE AND GOLD.



was in the old days, for a different generation had sprung up. We feel the pressure of others behind us, and must soon pass in the steps of those who have gone before, and whom we knew before.

What's in a Name?

When last year's annual first came out, no one seemed to be able to think of a sensible name for it. After several fruitless attempts it was given up as a hopeless task, and the paper made its initial appearance with backing little better than the class pin of the graduates. We also have had troubles of our own with regard to the name. For a long time it was impossible to decide, in spite of frequent staff meetings. It reminds us of the difficulties experienced in naming the first baby. Various admiring relatives are determined to bestow upon it names which will be suitable to its budding genius, and each one thinks his own suggestion the correct one. It usually ends in the youth having no name at all for the first stage of his existence.

The class of '00, with some few exceptions, seemed to think that after their departure the school annual would go to the wall. However, there are some, notably last year's business manager, to whom we are deeply indebted for advice and assistance. As a result we are able successfully to publish the "Orange and Gold." Out of all suggested names this seemed most appropriate, representing, as it does, the high school colors. Thus, with its first christening, we launch this little magazine upon the unknown seas before it. Let us hope that they will not be troublous.

It is our earnest expectation that,

under the name adopted, and with the successful guidance of future graduating classes, who will profit by our mistakes, this book may ever be a credit to the school from which it comes, that all who have ever been connected with the institution may point with swelling pride to the growth of our annual. Long life to the "Orange and Gold!"

...Joshes...

There were three seniors wise,
Who studied Keats and likewise;
But alack and alas! one day
Their teacher to them did say—
What?

Oh, it was a question hard,
'Twas on Bacchus and the pard;
"Who were these pards, my dear?"
And the answer came quite clear—
What?

Yes, the answer came quite clear,
"Is it partners that I hear?"
Oh, class so wise and seer!
Just think of that answer queer!

And those seniors now are grave,
For they feel they must be brave
If they tackle poetry lore
With meanings that are galore.
As What? Pards.

But the Others Did

The English teacher couldn't see why the Scrubs laughed when she said to Haussler, known to the initiated as Jerk, "You recited in too jerky a way."

Advice to the Coming Woman

That some of our girls learn the Half Nelson, so when other people say their brothers don't know how to umpire, they can settle the difficulty otherwise than by squabbling across the grand stand.

That Jolly Excursion

Ask Miss Sanford what the frog said when it jumped at her.

A certain person who is subject to headaches, would be glad to know what the remedy was which Mr. Granville used for his headache at the botany picnic.

We have heard why the Scrubs all cried, "Amo te", to a young lady and gentleman, on the Monday morn after the botany picnic.

Little Chas. Gale in a corner did wail
For a Trig problem he could not get,
So he leaned over to Kull,
And by help from that skull,
Got his problem, and then did not fret.

Sotto voce (?) "No communication."

Teacher—Mr. T., will you please tell me where the Colosseum of Rome is?

Mr. T. (after much meditating)—I dunno. I forgot to look it up.

Some New Definitions

English teacher—Affrayed his ears.
What does affrayed mean?

Gale—Jarred 'em; made 'em rattle.

English teacher—Define gangrene.

Bright Senior—A peculiar shade of green.

The Scientific Branches

Instructor—Define vibration.

Miss Jordan—Vibration is constant osculation.

From a physics notebook—A rectangular coil is so arranged that a short piece of wire, sitting over the edge, has its feet in a mercury bath.

We Would Suggest

That Florida water be given to the Scrubs.

That some of the boys stop talking politics.

That a banker be appointed for Miss Whipple.

That one of the Middlers should know q-u-a-y is pronounced key.

That "We're going to get in and practice," materialize once in a while.

That when people visit other high schools, they leave Grand pianos alone.

That a certain secretary remember what his duties are, even if tennis is attractive.

That those Seniors quit guessing, and learn the meaning of a few words, at least.

That the Niles Herald managers be left alone on the advertising question hereafter.

That the musical people of school play something else besides "Ambolena Snow" at noon.

That Mayhew remember that a soft voice is very becoming in a woman, but not in a man.

That the Scrubs and the Junior boys take Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling when they recite.

That somebody organize a class on "Bargains: when, where and how, the best bargains are made."

That when the young ladies yet up
a "light lunch" after the base ball
games, they insist on all drinking
water and not lemonade. Lemons
are at a premium.

There was a young man in Geo.,
Who always worked problems just
so;

His teacher would say,
"Mr. Tellas, you may stay
And wait while the others all go."

There is a bright Senior named Salz,
On whom his dear teacher oft calls;
When he don't know the stuff,
He can put up a bluff
That his class and his teacher appalls.

A certain tall Senior goes hunting,
The wrath of teachers bravely daunt-
ing;
But when he's away,
There's something to pay
While the Prof. in the lab him is
wanting.

There is a satanical youth,
Who has not cut a wisdom tooth;
Kraft bluffs half the day
To get out of Algebray,
With a skill that is far from uncouth.

We have a bright student in zoo
Who studies (?) geometry too.
Oh wouldn't you smile,
If you look up a mile,
And think for a flagpole he'd do.

There is a big duffer named Tyson,
One whom there are surely no flies-
on;
He likes to play tennis,
But his name is Dennis
Whenever his brother he tries on.

There's a student named Gale who
doth work,
Poring over Macaulay and Burke;
But alas! every noon
His tire too soon.
Goes flat; there a puncture doth lurk.

A bookkeeper lank is our "Long
Jack;"
Oft o'er his books he bends his
strong back;
He debits the cash,
But does nothing rash,
For fear he will get off on the wrong
track.

"Wanted—Five hundred (500)
yards wire cable." A certain gentle-
man may wish to tie the students to
the desks on picnic days, especially if
U. C. profs are expected.

*A Rejected Poem

Two rows of lime barrels formed a
good stand
For political speakers, and the old
Sunday band;
The barrels were empty, and turned
upside down
In front of a house whose boss had
left town.
'Twas a desolate part of the town of
Topeka,
Not a place on the globe could be
found any cheaper;
Altho' it was desolate, cheap, uninvit-
ing
There was plenty of noise that
seemed much like fighting.
Not a man could be seen, only
women stood around,
In any old hat, and in any old gown;

*NOTE—This poem was found in the waste basket
of a Topeka newspaper man. He was afraid to pub-
lish it on account of hurting the feelings of Carrie
Nation's followers, but we recognized its worth and
decided to print it in our magazine.

There were old ones, and young
 ones, and spinsters, too;
 Not a child was there near, and girls
 there were few.
 This crowd stood around the above
 mentioned stage,
 And harked to a woman who on it
 did rage.
 This speaker was old, stout and gray
 haired,
 Who said what she pleased, and for
 no one she cared.
 With hair flying wild in the cool Kan-
 sas wind,
 With dress all askew, and shawl all
 unpinned,
 With bonnet held fast by the end of
 its strings,
 She waved this o'er head when her
 thoughts she gave wings.
 'Twas a sight that would scare the
 whole of creation,
 'Twas Topeka's best loved, 'twas the
 fair Carrie Nation!
 "Sisters, dear sisters, all o'er this wide
 world,
 We must march forth to war, with
 our banners unfurled;
 The saloons must go down, and the
 pools along with them,
 Those places of wickedness, traps for
 good men.
 Think of our husbands and brothers
 who lay
 In the gutter to-night, and try as
 they may,
 They will never be able to give the
 thing up,
 To be upright and honest and have
 any luck,
 Till the bottles down onto the pave-
 ment are clashed,
 And the dope is poured out, and the
 mirrors are smashed.

Those red lights we see are the eyes
 of the devil,
 And there'll ne'er be peace till to
 earth we them level."
 A pause for a breath the old lady now
 took,
 And then at the corner her right fist
 she shook;
 Far o'er her head the old bonnet she
 waved,
 And a cheer she let forth for the lives
 she had saved.
 Becoming excited and hot at the
 thought,
 Her shawl from her shoulders she
 then quickly caught,
 Then aloft o'er the crowd she lifts the
 gray plaid,
 Like thunder rolls out, "Let this be
 our flag!"
 A howl breaks forth from the sea far
 below,
 "Death to saloons, and down with
 the foe."
 She teares back and forth on the bar-
 rels of lime,
 Cuts the air with her bonnet, and
 yells all the time,
 For all to get quickly weapons of
 war:
 Broomhandles, hatchets or the knobs
 of a door.
 So frantic soon does the old lady get
 That she trips on her skirt, and
 misses her step;
 Instead of the lime barrels under her
 feet,
 She falls o'er the edge and lands in
 the street.
 Undaunted as ever, she quickly
 arises;
 Gets into her armor, and no one sur-
 prises.
 In front of her women she boldly
 steps out,

Prepares them for battle, prepares
them for bout.
Toward the corner resort she now
makes a dive,
From under her feet she the gravel
doth drive.
Her hatchet she holds in her right
hand so tight,
And howls o'er her shoulder, "My
men, I smell fight."
Now thro' the swingdoors she pushes
her way
And stands unconfused in her field of
play.
Now into her being rush rays of
bright light;
She witnesses now her one great de-
light.
She rolls back her sleeve, and grasps
hold her hatchet,
In all the wide world, what picture
could match it?
It frightens the owner, a great husky
lad;
He thinks the good woman has surely
gone mad.
He had never before seen such a
sight;
Mrs. Nation had never to him shown
her might.
She calls to her women who are still
in the street,
"On, sisters, on! use your hands, use
your feet!
Think of the cause, and be not afraid,
Then in the world's history our
names will ne'er fade.
Sweep from the stand that ruinous
row
Of bottles, those emblems of sorrow
and woe.
Then to the mirrors, your good weap-
ons fling;
Break windows, break bottles, and let
the world ring

With the praises of Nation and her
sisters brave
Who tried to do good and men's
souls to save."
So she spoke, then soon came the
strife;
The owner vacated to save his own
life.
Mirrors were smashed and thrown to
the floor.
Then the poor prop. stuck his head
thro the door,
"Oh, where is the law in this beautiful
place?"
"I am the law, look out for your
face!"
As Carrie said this, she threw at his
head
A hatchet whose handle was heavy as
lead.
All things were smashed at the end
of the hour,
And there Carrie stood at the height
of her power.
She stood in the center of this broken
glass,
And to her kind sisters a few words
did pass:
"You are bold! You are brave! You'll
all get your pay
In the reckoning up at the very last
day!
Now let us on to the next street cor-
ner,
And make the man there his own
lonely mourner."
Then over her head she shook her
plaid shawl.
Alas! how quick was that emblem to
fall!
When they reached the street, and
just started out,
Three policemen came up and at-
tacked Carrie's scout.

Then thro the ranks broke the strong
 men three,
 Which made some shriek, and some
 of them flee.
 But Carrie stood firm and moved not
 an inch.
 "Dare touch me," she howled, not a
 mite did she flinch.
 A policeman backed off, then came
 on with a swing,
 Which caused Mrs. Nation her
 hatchet to fling;
 But it missed him by far; then on her
 he put
 Some bracelets which bound her by
 hand and by foot.
 The rest of the women ran, never to
 stop,
 And left Mrs. N in the hands of a
 cop.
 To jail they then marched her, and
 lodged her in tight,
 Where she was not able to smash or
 to fight.
 Not a farthing she cared to be put
 behind bars,
 In with robbers and thieves and vil-
 lainous tars.
 She shouted to all on the outside
 world,
 "Keep up good courage, keep our
 banners unfurled;
 Don't stop for a minute, with the
 work keep right up;
 Break all the mirrors, and then you'll
 have luck.
 On, sisters, on! Your hatchets well
 swing;
 Keep it up by yourselves, I'll be back
 with the spring."
 The echoes resounded around the po-
 lice station,
 And these were the last words of
 brave Carrie Nation.

Athletics

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these, it might have
 been,"

was the introduction of our football
 column last year. This year the quo-
 tation again applies—but in a differ-
 ent way. Then there was regret that
 we could not get a third trial at those
 whom we had clearly outclassed; now
 because we did not get a chance to
 outclass any one—save once. In the
 early part of the term the football
 team was organized with Salz as cap-
 tain. Anderson's Academy had en-
 tered the league, and desired some
 practice before they played their first
 regular game. We were, accord-
 ingly, challenged by them. Our team
 could not be got together as much
 as we wished, but we practiced four
 days for ten minutes a day, and went
 into the game with the expectation
 of being sadly defeated.

After a stubborn contest the score
 stood 0 to 0 at the end of the second
 half. So many of the Anderson boys,
 we are sorry to say, were laid out,
 that they were unable to continue
 their programme, and in consequence
 withdrew their team from the league.
 If we had only known we would have
 been gentler.

Our line-up on this occasion was as
 follows:

Name and Weight.	Position.
Haley, 152.....	Center
Haussler, 182	Left Guard
Kerr, 152	Right Guard
Telles, 151	Left Tackle
Whipple, 124	Right Tackle
H. Tyson, 165	Left End
Mayhew, 128	Right End
Delaney, 120	Quarter
Vandervoort, 147	Right Half
R. Tyson, 192	Full

This is the extent of our football record. Challenges were sent to Oakland, Lowell and Haywards, but brought no results.

At the beginning of the next term a baseball team was formed—the first in four or five years. A practice game was played with Anderson's, and we were beaten by 10 to 7. Challenges were sent to Haywards, Livermore, Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley High, but Haywards was the only team that could accommodate us. On March 9th we defeated them by a score of 14 to 8. A return game was played on April 6th at Haywards. Two of our men were disabled and one substitute available, so we played an eight-man team. We were beaten by 13 to 12. A third game was played on May 11th, and we were defeated by 7 to 6.

Our baseball line-up was as follows:

Name	Position
Catcher	Salz, Captain
Pitcher	H. Tyson
First Base	Gale
Second Base	Harris or Vandervoort
Third Base	Gregory
Short Stop	Delaney
Left Field	Vandervoort or R. Tyson
Center Field	R. Tyson or Haley
Right Field	Haley
Substitutes—	Telles, Whipple, Haussler and Granville.

As a whole, our athletic work has been unsuccessful, because we were out of the league, and could not get games except on inconvenient dates—generally, however, not at all. We sincerely hope that there will be sufficient football material here next year for us to re-enter the league, that we may have some object to work for. CHAS. HALEY, '01.

Reception at Dr. Allen's

On Friday evening, May 17th, Dr. and Mrs. Allen gave their annual reception to the Senior and Middle classes. A very enjoyable evening was passed, thanks to the pleasant entertainment provided by the hostess. After refreshments were served, the party broke up at about one o'clock. The Senior receptions at Mrs. Allen's are always very pleasant, and we are very grateful to her for the pains she takes to make them enjoyable.

The Alumni Roll

A list of the graduates from this school with brief information of general interest concerning them will, no doubt, commend itself as a desirable feature of the Annual. The record of this school is an exceptionally good one. The total enrollment since its organization is 251; boys, 129; girls, 122. Of these 65 have been graduated; 34 from the Literary, 13 from the Classical, 15 from the Scientific, and 3 from the Commercial course. Of these, again, 31 entered college; 27 at Berkeley, and 4 at Stanford. 8 have won degrees in the State University, and 10 are still in attendance; 8 at Berkeley and 2 at Stanford. Further details will be found in the appended list.

1892.

MAY BURDICK, Classical, A. B. Calif. University, 1895-1899. In Honolulu, employed by the Inter-Island Steamship Company.

1893.

DANIELL CROSBY, Literary, M. D. Cooper Medical Institute, 1895-1898. Practicing physician in San Francisco.

- WILLIAM JARVIS, Scientific. C. E., Calif. University, 1893-1897. Civil engineer in the Hawaiian Islands.
1894.
- EZRA DECOTO, Literary, B. L. Calif. University, 1896-1900. Studying law at Hastings College.
- JOSEPH JARVIS, Literary, Mech. E. Calif. University, 1894-1898. Gold mining at Cape Nome.
- CLARENCE MARTENSTEIN, Literary, Mech. E. Calif. University, 1895-1899.
- JAMES WHIPPLE, Literary, Calif. University, 1896-1900. Assistant manager of Warehouses at Irvington.
- LAURA THANE, Scientific, Married James Whipple, 1897.
- FITZ JARVIS, Scientific, D. D. S. Calif. College Dentistry, 1894-1897. Practicing dentist in Oakland.
- OLIVE LAMB, Scientific. Married and living in the Hawaiian Islands.
1895.
- JUSTICE OVERACKER, Literary. Stanford University, 1896-1898. Ranching near Mission San Jose.
- JOSEPH HAINES, Scientific. California University, 1895. Teacher in Heald's Business College, San Francisco.
- BARTLETT THANE, Scientific. Mining engineer California University, 1895-1899. Assayer and assistant superintendent in the Sumdun gold mines, Alaska.
- EUGENE MATHEWS, Scientific. Employed in the coal mines at Tesla.
- MABEL YATES, Classical. California University, 1897-1899. At home in Berkeley.
- ANNIE SANDHOLDT, Literary. Married J. G. Haggerty of Berkeley, 1897.
- LEONARD JARVIS, Literary. Gold mining at Cape Nome.
- MAX McCOLLOUGH, Classical. A. B. California University, 1896-1900. Teaching in the Philippine Islands.
1896.
- CONSTANCE ROSE, Classical. Mills College, 1896-1898. Died 1898.
- HENRY PATTERSON, Literary. C. E. California University, 1896-1900. Ranching near Centerville.
- JOHN BLACOW, Literary. At home on ranch near Centerville.
- GEORGE EMERSON, Scientific. Stanford University, 1896—.
- ARTHUR HALEY, Literary. Post graduate, 1896-1898. Ranching near Newark.
- KATE ELSWORTH, Classical. Residing near Redlands.
- STELLA HALEY, Literary. Married John Ingalls of Newark, 1898.
- LOUISE OLNEY, Literary. Married Robert Moses of Centerville, 1898.
- HARRY SALZ, Classical. Post graduate, 1896-1897. California University, 1897-1898. Studying music in Berlin, Germany, 1898 (—).
- ARTHUR YATES, Classical. California University, 1896-1898. Assayer in mines at Mineral, Idaho.

FRED ROBERTSON, Classical.
California University, 1896-1897.
In the employ of mercantile firm
in San Francisco.

California University, 1898 ——.
HARRY HAINES, Literary. Lick
School of Mechanical Arts, 1899
—.

In Memoriam

GRACE IDA DOUGLAS, '03

BORN

**NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND
EIGHTY-FOUR**

DIED

**FEBRUARY SIXTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE**

BERTRAND MOODY, Literary.
1897.
LOUIS DECOTO, Scientific. Cali-

MAY HAINES, Literary. San Jose
Normal, 1898-1901. At home
near Decoto.

- ANTONE DUTRE, Scientific. At home near Warm Springs.
- BLANCHE BLACOW, Literary. Post graduate, 1897-1898. San Jose Normal, 1898-1900. Teacher in Alameda.
- FRANK GARCIA, Literary. At home on farm near Decoto.
- ELVIS WOOD, Scientific.
- JESSIE BEARD, Literary. Post graduate, 1897-1898. California University, 1898-1900. At home near Centerville.
- HUBERT ELLER, Literary. D. D. S. California College of Dentistry, 1897-1900. Practicing dentist at Etna Mills. 1898.
- MARY CONNORS, Literary. In the employ of telephone company in San Francisco.
- ELBERT HUGILL, Literary. Post graduate, 1899. Oakland Polytechnic School, 1900 —.
- ALICE GIBBONS, Literary. California University, 1898-1899. Married. Residing near Livermore.
- FRANK REYNOLDS, Scientific. San Jose Normal, 1898-1900. Stanford University, 1900. Principal of Grammar School in Irvington, 1901 —.
- FLORENCE HUDSON, Classical. California University, 1898 —. Holder of Levi Strauss scholarship.
- FLORENCE MAYHEW, Classical. California University, 1898 —.
- MILA RIX, Literary. Trained nurse at Florence Crittenden Hospital, 1899 —.
- ROB ROY DENNY, Literary. California University, 1898. Manager of bank and express agent at Etna Mills.
- 1899.
- LELAND JACOBUS, Scientific. In the employ of the Oakland Improvement Company.
- FERN SMITH, Literary. Post graduate, 1899. At home near Newark.
- JOHN WHIPPLE, Commercial. Post graduate, 1899-1900. California University, 1900 —.
- OSCAR KRAFT, Literary. Post graduate, 1899-1900. California University, 1900 —.
- FIFTEEN kirk Mysell. graduate, 1899-1900. California University, 1900 —.
- GRACE PETERSON, Commercial. Trained nurse in California Woman's Hospital.
- MAGGIE ROGERS, Literary. At home near Centerville.
- HELEN HALEY, Literary. Post graduate, 1899-1901.
- WILLIAM PATTERSON, Literary. Post graduate, 1899-1900. Stanford University, 1900 —.
- 1900.
- CHARLES CUMMINGS, Literary. At home on farm near Centerville.
- GUY KRAFT, Commercial. Preparing for the Civil Service.
- MAY MATTOS, Literary. At home near Centerville.
- ALICE OLNEY, Literary. Post graduate, 1900. At home in Congress Springs.
- JOHN L. ROSE, Classical. At home on farm near Newark.
- CLYDE SMITH, Literary. California University, 1900 —.
- WILLIAM NORRIS, Classical. California University, 1900 —.
- 1901.
- CHARLES HALEY, Classical.
- CONSTANCE JORDAN, Literary.
- KULLMAN SALZ, Scientific.
- CHARLES GALE, Scientific.

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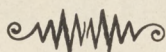
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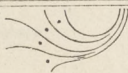
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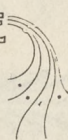
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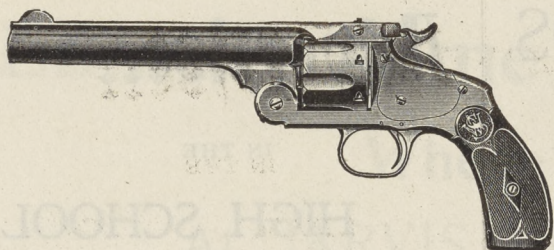
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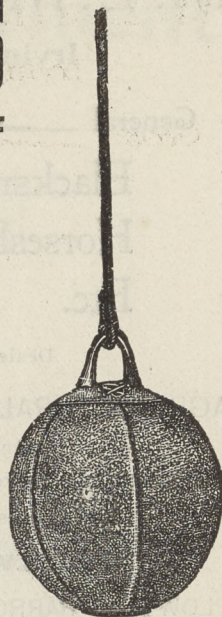
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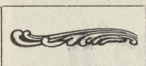
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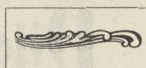
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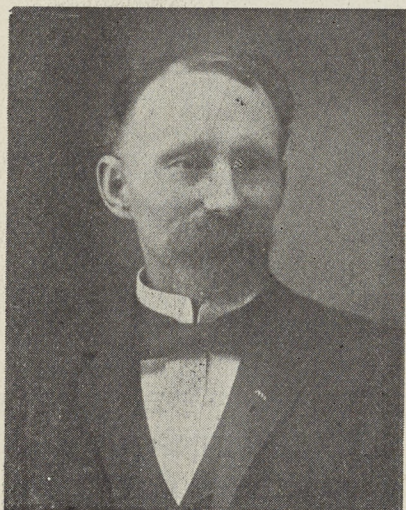
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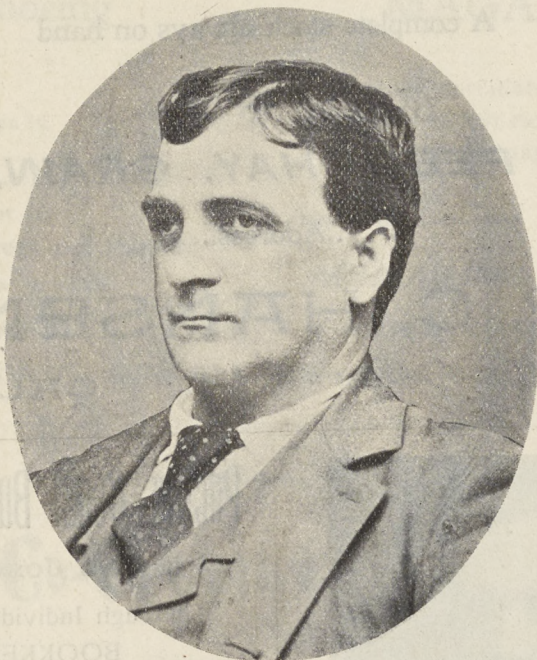
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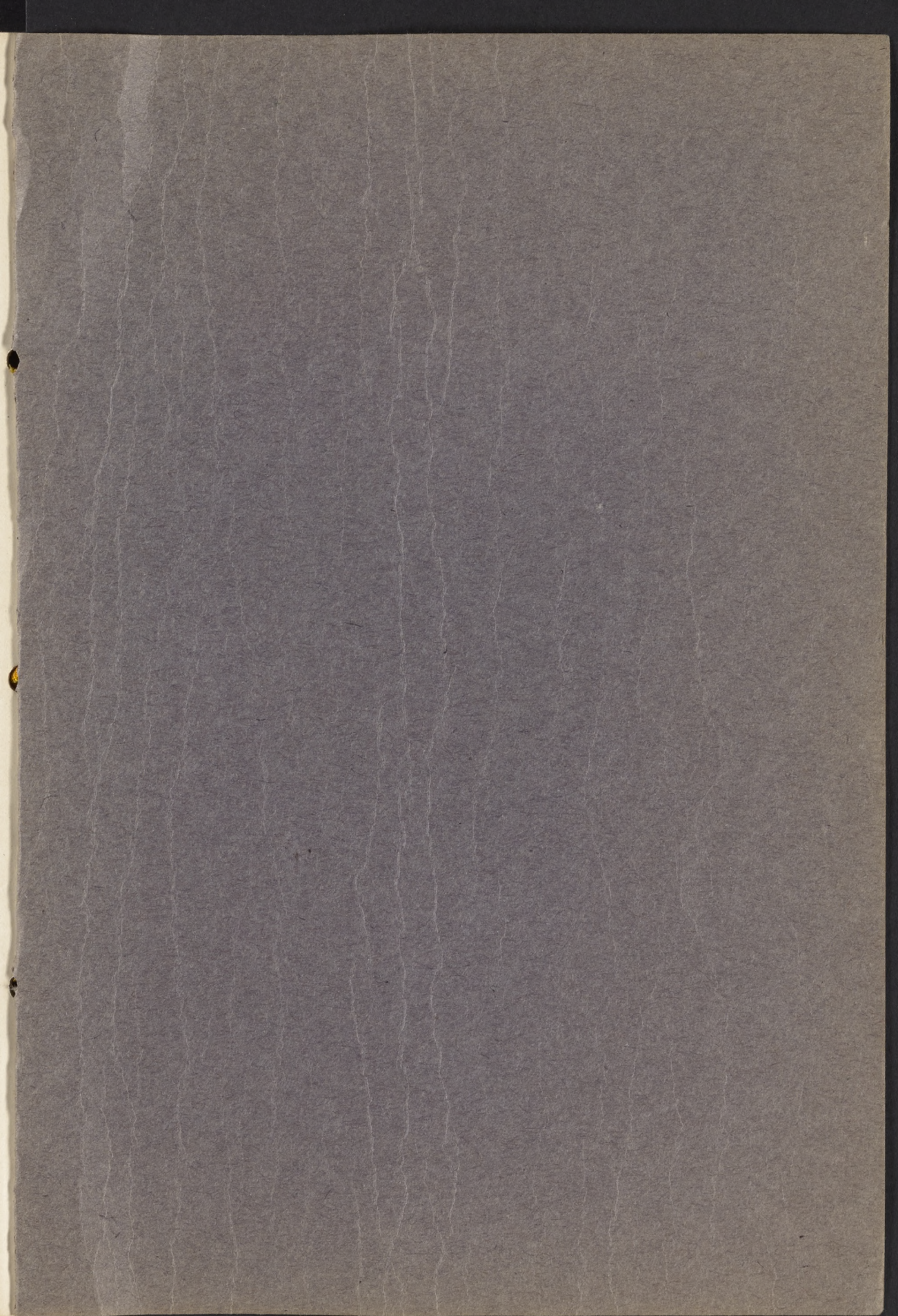
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